whole or a part of the railways. Dr. A. Von der Leyen, a railroad expert, who recently made an investigation of the various systems of control, says that it is difficult to prove that the systems of these two countries are more efficient than of the others. However, American travelers say that the American and English railways excel in comfort and convenience.

The Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, which recently held its seventeenth annual session in Brantford, Ont., adopted the following resolution concerning the

That, whereas the Chinese and Japanese exclusion acts passed by the British Columbia Legislature have been disallowed by the Dominion government, and whereas white labor is being driven out of that province by this class of cheap foreign labor, be it therefore resolved that we demand the establishment of a \$500 per capita tax on all Chinese entering Canada, believing that this will remedy the evil to some extent, but realizing that the true solution of the problem is the enforcement of a minimum wage per hour, which will force employers of labor to pay the same wages to all workingmen, irrespective of race or color.

During the past year four members of the executive board of the United Mine Workers have resigned to accept other positions. The board members who resigned are John Fahey and Benjamin James, of the anthracite district; Fred Dilcher, of Ohio, and James Boston, of Illinois. Fahey resigned to retain the presidency of his district, James resigned to accept a position with a tobacco firm, Dilcher took a position with the Standard Oil Company, and Boston, who resigned a few days ago, will be employed by a coal company. These resignations reduce the membership of the board to five. However, this will be of little consequence, as the new board of twenty-four members will assume the executive responsibilities of the United Mine Workers after the convention in this

The painters, bricklayers, plasterers, lathers and all building laborers, with the exception of the steamfitters and helpers, of Worcester, Mass., have established the eight-hour workday. The successful unions and have already donated \$5,000 for their

leans has been settled, the grain trimmers | eral." In his preface the author has this maining in effect, as applied to all other | shared his travels and camp life in Western divisions of work. The trimmers now re- | wilds, and who also is an entertaining aucents an hour at night and \$1 an hour on Sunday. Their work is hazardous and requires much skill. They distribute the grain dumped into vessels through a chute in such a manner as to keep the vessel well balanced. Sometimes the grain comes down in a stream and the workmen, being unable to handle it, are covered up and often suffocated. It is said that the boss grain trimmer, who must be an expert. never sees the deck until the load is finished and then it is an exception if the vessel sets one-half inch to one side.

The National Boot and Shoemakers Union organized sixteen big factories in the month of September, gaining two thousand

The lumber handlers of Los Angeles, Cal., gained a nine-hour day without asking

French labor organizations are discussing the advisability of a general strike in favor of the miners. The miners are asking an eight-hour day and a superannuation benefit of two francs (40 cents) for men who have been engaged in mining twenty-five Route," "Chink, the Development of a

LOCATED GRANT'S TOMB.

Why It Was Placed at Riverside Instead of in Central Park.

Philadelphia Press. John D. Crimmins, of New York, who has made a knight commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great of the Civil Class, by Pope Leo XIII, is responsible more than any other man for keeping the Grant memorial out of Central Park and building it on the crest of Riverside drive. Mr. Crimmins was president of the Park Commission when General Grant died at Mount McGregor, and was consulted by the dying wish of the general, was taken to New York for burial

The site most favored by Mayor Grace and others was a high bluff at the northwest corner of the park, fronting on Eighth avenue, Riverside drive, then known as Claremont, was a desolate waste. The only thing that made it atractive at all to New Yorkers was a roadlouse, in which the late "Ed" Stokes was interested at the time, and a comfortable place for refreshments at the turning around place of an afternoon drive. Mr. Crimmins was an early prophet of the upurged this point on the mayor and others, with little effect in changing their opinion reporters who had followed Mayor Grace and the park commissioners around in a opened directly across the avenue from the favored site for General Grant's final rest-

us to me, he said quietly. would be very unfortunate to choose this site.'

mentioned the incident, and within twentyfour hours builders were at work laying out the site for General Grant's temporary tomb at Riverside, a few hundred yards from the present magnificent mausoleum,

HOW TO CARE FOR A WET COAT.

A Simple Way of Drying It So It Will Not Wrinkle.

New . ork Sun

Let a coat get soaking wet." said a tailor, "and it will dry more or less wrinkled or out of shape, unless proper care is taken in hanging it up. This calls for a little bit of labor, but if a man has a limited number of coats he couldn't spend the extra time required to better advan-

"The thing to do is to dry the coat in the form in which it was worn. It would be very easy to do this if one had a wire form of just the right size, over which he could simply button the wet coat when he took it off, but a man may not want a wire skeleton around or he may not have room to the fifth year's ring, which notched his keep it. So what he does is simply this:

"He puts the wet coat on an ordinary hanger which he suspends where there will be room all around so that the coat will hang clear of everything. Then he buttons that had sought his life. And so the rings the coat up and gets it into its proper shape and hang, and then he stuffs it out into form with newspapers. The newspaper | very preciousness had brought it to a sudis opened out and pages or double papers | den end." are crumpled up loosely into great open spongy masses, and with these the buttoned-up coat is gently stuffed out into the he gazed at the calm yellow eyes of his form in which it would be on your own body. Then you give it, if necessary, a final smoothing to get it true and right everywhere and then you leave it to dry. its proper original shape, free from drawings or wrinklings, and looking all right and you are sure not to regret the little | weakness. But the hunter's lust soon re- in which he has arranged his book. Two extra labor bestowed in keeping it so."

The Restaurant Detective.

New York Evening Sun. In the city there are many forms of employment of which the average person restaurant business. In the cheaper eating suses that are under one management, it has been found necessary to keep an eye on the cooks to see that every one of the various restaurants keeps up to the average. The woman detective comes in here and earns a fairly good income in a unique every day and samples one and the same dish in each place. On one day, for inportions of chicken salad as there are restaurants to be visited. She may try oysters the next day, but again it must be veral different meals of oysters. It would be all very well if she could simply sample the dish and go away, but since she is a detective she must be unsuspected and unover. It is one of the queer ways of earning a living in which the city abounds. The well-established career, and her work is scarcely less monotonous with its eternal riding back and forth, and up and down

STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS

AS TOLD BY

ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON, MORTON GRINNELL and SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON.



ONE OF THE "WILD CREATURES."

Lives of the Hunted.

Ernest Seton-Thompson's latest book dedicated to the "preservation of our wild and birds that roam or fly at will, unrestrained by man. "Lives of the Hunted" is much like "Wild Animals I Have Known, "Trail of the Sandhill Stag," "Biography of a Grizzly" and other works of the author. Some of the stories it contains have been printed in magazines, but they are good enough to be preserved in book form. paper hangers, plumbers, electricians, Mr. Seton-Thompson is a naturalist, and, as he sticks closely to truth in his accounts of the doings of the animals he describes, his narratives are instructive. Of course, are assisting the steamfitters and heipers | he garnishes his stories to some extent, but he says "the material of the accounts is true. The chief liberty taken is in ascrib-The longshoremen's strike ar New Or- ing to one animal the adventures of sevreceiving an advance and the old scale re- to say about his talented wife, who has

"The public has not fully understood the part that Grace Gallatin Seton-Thompson the marginals, are my own handwork, but in choice of subject to illustrate, in ideas and title page and in the literary revision of the text her assistance has been essential. In giving special credit for the bookmaking I am standing for a principle. Give a person credit for his work and he will put his heart in it. Every book lovingly made should bear the author's name; then we should have more books of the kind the

"Lives of the Hunted" contains these stories, some of which probably are familar to many readers: "Krag, the Kootenay Ram," "A Street Troubadour, Being the Adventures of a Cock Sparrow;" "Johnny Bear," "The Mother Teal and the Overland Pup;" "The Kangaroo Rat," "Tito, the Story of a Coyote That Learned How," and "Why the Chickadee Goes Crazy Once

Four of the stories end with tragedies and three do not. The author says: "For the wild animal there is no such thing as a gentle decline in peaceful old age. Its life is spent at the front, in line of battle, and as soon as its powers begin to wane in the east its enemies become too strong for it; animal's history untragic, and that is to stop before the last chapter. This I have done in 'Tito,' the 'Teal' and the 'Kangaroo

No one who reads Mr. Seton-Thompson's Mayor Grace when the body, according to works can mistake his sentiments. He opposes the ruthless slaughter of beasts and birds. Like Saint Francis, he would say: "All the world to every creature." All animals have good qualities as well as bad. and in telling of them the author brings out both. Some beasts are jealous, others noble characteristics-the same as human beings. In the story of "Krag" there is found deceit, motherly love, jealousy, murtown movement that has since carried even | der and self-sacrifice, the last-named qualthat Central Park was the most fitting His home was on the Gunder peak, in the place for the Grant tomb. Turning to two wilds of the Kootenay. He was a leader of cab, Mr. Crimmins pointed to the Vander- fearlessness and cunning often saved his bilt Cancer Hospital which had just been flocks from the hunter of pelts and horns. Two leading morning papers, next day, until Scotty, in despair, played a trick

"There on the snow lay a great graybrown form, and at one end, like a twinnecked hydra coiling, were the horns, the the splendid life of a splendid creature, his that once had won his lamb-days' fight. seen, were the lives of many gray wolves | duced are either from life or from my own read on, the living record of a life whose

Scotty was stricken with remorse when "When it is dry you will find the coat in It back to him if I could," Scotty said to cannot always be obtained in winter. Mr. himself in the moment of his greatest Grinnell makes this plain by the manner knows nothing. One of these is found in covered with a cloth. Scotty hunted no fox" and his family; "Ruffle, the partthe work of the woman detective in the more. When the chinook winds howled ridge;" "Snarley, the lynx;" "Chip, the exposure to the elements on the moun- all the other wild things do in the spring, say I did. Why, I lost fifty-three pieces of and then they would have to go shod like tains had undermined his health, and, with | summer, fall, winter and midseasons. the wane of physical strength, his imaginaway. She visits each of the restaurants tion increased. Four years after the death by their kind. "Slim, the weasel;" "Shrike, of Krag his slayer firmly believed the the butcher;" "Plumetail, the skunk," and stance, she must eat as many different | ram's spirit was haunting him and that it | would "get him." To a friend who advised | number of the birds are inveterate gos-

lown, and therefore it involves upon her back at me these four years. He broke by experience. When they are young and woman spotter on the street car has a sucking my life out now. But he ain't them to hide from man and to beware oththrough with me yet. Thar's more o' him | er animals that might do them harm, but | Should dawn-as different as worlds must be!

Field, Wood and Stream" and "Our Devoted Friend, the Dog," three recent books, are of great interest to lovers of animals. Seton-Thompson tells stories. mainly of the wild creatures of the great Northwest, while Morton Grinnell has covered a field better known to the majority of readers. Mrs. Bolton gives a collection of stories about

> dogs and makes an earnest plea for their better treatment. Natural history is a study that interests children, and many adults as well. There are few persons who do not care to know the habits of birds and wild beasts, and when the ways of son calls them, are described in story voice and relate their own experiences, as they do in Mr. Grinnell's book, the subject becomes intensely interesting.

bak-ker crik I've heared noises that the wind don't make. I've heared him just the erick A. Stokes Company, New York. same as I done that day when he blowed his life out through his nose, an' me a-layin' on my face afore him. I'm up agi'n' it, an' I'm a-goin' to face it out-right-hereon-Ter-bak-ker-crik."

off the Pacific ocean. Late in the fall it times by rescuing from drowning or from py" sea? That is what I am doing just brings snow, but in the spring, as it rushes through the mountain passes the winter's burglars, and that it shows affection and depth of snow disappears as if by magic, reeks are converted into torrents and avaanches sweep down into the valleys. One night the chinook blew with greater force the hand of a millionaire in a house of than usual, and Scotty thought he heard the old-time familiar "spoof" of the Gunder ram on the mountain side. Once or twice there came in over the door a long "snoof" fall was a veritable howling gale. Avalanches were let loose from all the peaks, but from Gunder Peak, the former home of Krag. "there whirled a monstrous mass charged with a mission of revenge. Down. down, down, loud 'snoofing' as it went, and sliding on from shoulder, ledge and long incline, now wiping out a forest that would bar its path, then crashing, leaping, rolling, smashing over cliff and steep descent, still gaining as it sped. Down, down, faster, fiercer, in one fell and fearful rush. that it contained, was crushed and swiftly blotted out. The hunter had forefelt his

When the spring rains disclosed the wrecked shanty, "there, in the middle, quite unharmed, was the head of the Gunder ram. His amber eyes were gleaming derful horns, and below him were some broken bones, with rags and grizzled human hair. Old Scotty is forgotten, but the ram's head hangs enshrined on a palace wall to-day, a treasure among kingly treasures; and men, when they gaze on those marvelous horns, still talk of the glorious Gunder ram which grew them far away on the heights of the Kootenay." Thus closes the story of Krag.

"Johnny Bear" is a tale founded on study of Bruin in Yellowstone National Park. The author in his recent lectures in Indianapolis told the story to several thousand children, and it was so interesting not one stirred during its recital. "A Street Troubadour" tells of the joys and woes of Biddy and Randy, two English sparrows that made their nest near the author's residence. "The Mother Teal" and her little ones were assisted overland by Mr. Seton-Thompson, and he tells how they escaped the hawk. "Chink" is a good story of a dog and its fight with a coyote. "The Kangaroo Rat" describes the habits of strange little animal; "Tito" is the history of a much-abused coyote whose captivity later years, and "Why the Chickadee Goes Crazy" is a brief, fanciful story intended to illustrate the characteristics of the bird. The book is illustrated with over 200 draw-

Neighbors of Field, Wood and Stream. Morton Grinnell, of Beaver Brook farm, Milford, Conn., has filled a want in natural history, and placed all lovers of birds, beasts and fishes under obligation to him. Stream, or Through the Year with Nacreek at the base of the mountains, had cost much study. Mr. Grinnell, evidently, dummy of his hat and coat, then sneaked His writing has not the literary finish of the animal while it was watching the dum- the ways of our common wild animals-Grinnell has no superior.

ings. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

All Mr. Grinnell's birds, beasts, reptiles and fishes tell their own story. All have names that describe their chief characteristles, and they all talk. The author says: "This volume is intended to make known to the younger generation and to naturelovers of all ages, the habits and home life speech. I have attempted to give to the and living interest. I have sought to make

All birds and beasts change some of their habits with the change of seasons. The long and persistently sought. "I'd give winter, What can be secured in summer turned and the head of the ram was cut chapters are devoted to each month of the

mischievous. The lower animals are much 'round than that head. I tell ye, when that it does not teach them that a piece of sa- Yet not one slightest word your lips let fall!" old chinook comes a-blowin' up the Ter- vory meat lying in their path is a lure for a

That is something that must be learned A TEACHER'S TALE OF WOE from experience or be taught them by those which have had experience. Mr. Grinnell shows how the wild creatures learn to

"Cooney, the fox," had two sons-Brush and Brake. When the little ones were half grown they were taken out one night to be "Lives of the Hunted," "Neighbors of taught how to catch Deacon Clark's guinea | The Country Teacher with Her Small hens. Cooney went into the orchard to find the fowls, leaving Brush and Brake near the barnyard, with an admonition not to wander away. Brush grew weary waiting, disregarded his father's warning and began an investigation of his own. The deacon had set a gun, well charged, to protect his henhouse. A wire was attached to the triggers. Brush, having had no experience with such dangerous inventions, ran against the wire and the gun was discharged. The shot cut off the major portion of his tail and stunned him for a time, but he revived and escaped. He had learned a lesson, however, that lasted him through life, for no set gun ever caught him again. Not all the the "wild creatures," as Seton-Thomp- foxes mentioned in the book escaped so easily as Brush. Reynard, one of his cousform or when they themselves are given ins, grew so cunning that he thought no dog could catch him. Overconfidence in his own slyness led to his death, just as overconfidence sometimes leads to the undoing of man. The book is published by the Fred-

Our Devoted Friend, the Dog.

Sarah Knowles Bolton, in her latest book, makes a strong plea for the dog, on the grounds that it is faithful and devoted The chinook is a warm wind that blows to man; that it saves human life, somefire, and occasionally by warning against gratitude by guarding the dead. She says:

homes of the rich and the poor. He licks | rhyme of the alligator who luxury, or goes to jail with a wanderer or a drunkard, and sleeps on the hard floor his dog and breaking his ribs, so that the



ONE OF MRS. BOLTON'S FRIENDS

poor creature had to be shot. Before th man was taken to prison the dog crawled to him and licked his boots. Would any should receive every kindness from man,

variety of stories about dogs. She has arranged these clippings under appropriate headings, chaptered them and set them off with an abundance of illustrations, mainly from photographs of dogs and their owners. Button, a French poodle, now dead. but which was owned by Miss L. C. Thayer, of Indianapolis, is given half a page. Besides the clippings and stories, there are chapters devoted to hospitals, cemeteries and homes for dogs, and a review of cruel laws. Mrs. Bolton also tells "how to care for animals," and concludes with a chapter on our duty to them.

Mrs. Bolton's work has largely been a labor of love, for every page shows sympathy for "our devoted friend." The book is dedicated to her grandson, Stanwood Knowles Bolton, and his dog Tim, both following is taken from the preface:

"Dogs have saved people from drowning. And there is no admission fee, either. houses from burning, died of grief for their Old Scotty, whose cabin was on Tobacco | characteristics of wild animals that has | tures are brutal. We tax them out of all | some book to the board, and from the board proportion to their money value. We let to the pupil. It may be hard on their eyes,

that we alone can enter heaven. How do | work unfinished, and your arithmetic pa-

"We cruelly destroy birds by the milin so-called 'sport.' Are we forever to go on without mercy for our dumb friends?" It must be admitted that Mrs. Bolton puts it a little strong when she intimates

A Chicagoan's Property. Chicago Post.

"Lose any property?" repeated the brand

"Fifty-three pleces!" said the other in amazement. "Why, that must have cleaned you out. What were they?" "A deck of cards and a night shirt," said the other. "Give me a light."

Residuum.

The hour you came and told me of my doom-But this I know, that in the quiet room The buzzing of a bee poised on the red Rose vine outside seemed louder than the tread Of multitudes; within the twilight's gloom saw strange traceries of leaf and bloom Against the window, and a silken thread lung moist about my head and minded me To gather up the skeins and put away My broidery, until another day Ah, why should I these trifling things recall

be wise, and makes them relate their own THE FINANCIAL PROBLEM THAT PRESENTS ITSELF TO HER.

> Pay Has an Especially Hard Knot to Unravel.

Sara G. Small, in Boston Transcript.

If I should enter into any country village, on pedagogic deeds intent, and there abide for the space of a week without being informed by somebody that I am doing easy work for big pay, I should distrust that town. I should not feel that the usual hospitalities were being extended to me. It is nearly always a woman who first observes this formality. When the financial side is touched upon, enter the man. That interests him. He probably pays a poll tax. "Ten dollars a week! Pretty good pay for

five days' work; six-hour days, too. And all you have to do is to sit there and hear lessons, and keep the youngsters out of mischief. Well, you get your money easy." Now, I have long since ceased to argue the matter on such occasions. If facts are stubborn things, there are fallacies ten times as stubborn. All I have to do is to "sit and hear lessons and keep the youngsters out of mischief." Is it? The lines have fallen unto me in easy places of late, for I have only three grades in my room. I have had the whole nine, and I live to tell it. Did you ever try to row a boat in a "chop-

Since country schools began trying to keep up with the pace set by the thoroughly graded city school, equipped with special teachers, the progress made in many "The devotion of a dog is the same in the of them is most aptly described by the old

"Wouldn't go along, and wouldn't stand But kept bobbing up and down."

First, there is the elaborate course of of a police station. He listens with ears study. Language, grammar, literature, alert for the kind voice of the master who | English and American history, physical that jarred the latch and rustled violently loves him, and sits dejected under curses, and common school geography, physiology, the cloth that covered Krag's head. The offering no response to harshness. Recent- ful thing known as nature study, involvmusic, drawing, that fearful and wonderstorm continued all next day and at night- ly a drunken man was arrested for kicking ing everything from the investigation of bones up to the study of the solar system and the fixed stars; and, incidentally, a little reading, writing, spelling and arith-

The time allowed for some of these re earches is twenty minutes, twice each week. Fifteen minutes is allowed for daily recitations from each class. Keep to the programme. Ring language out and arithmetic in, promptly on the clock tick. At night your children will probably feel very much like the little boy who was taken to see the biograph: "I have to look for what's oming next before I know what went last," he plaintively remarked. But never mind. You must be modern, or forever resign your claim to fitness as an exponent of our great public school system. THE TROUBLE WITH TOMMY.

When some old-fashioned mother writes you, "Tommy does not understand his seem to help him. He says we don't do them the way they do down at school." you feel discouraged, but you try to stifle your conscience and your common sense with the reflection that you were told at had been made far too much account of in the past, and that it is seldom of any practical use after leaving school. You have just fifteen minutes for Tommy's arithmetic class. And while he is

working on it at his desk you are rushing through another recitation. Neither can Tommy spend very much time on it. He, poor youth, before school is out must draw some cross sections of soaked beans, learn two stanzas of Shelley's "Cloud" and write "theme" on "Reconstruction." And when you are reading Tommy' theme, for it must be corrected and passed For two years Mrs. Bolton collected he has made of it, you count the misspelled words. Only eleven, for this is Tommy's best work. You stifle a sigh, and feel guilty Yet why should any one be so absurd as to insist that Tommy shall spell correctly; He can tell you, without a moment's reflecion whether the squirrel chews or chops his food; he can paint beautiful milkweed pods with watered India ink, and he can write a description of "The Man with the Hoe," or "Baby Stuart" that would parayze the soul of an art critic. Susie Bates, a seventh-grade girl, told Tommy the other day that his milkweed oods looked like squashes. Tommy is in the eighth grade, and does not take kindly to

criticism, even from his peers. "Huh." grunted, with fine contempt; "if they was squashes would they be stickin' up like that? They'd be layin' down flat," I have great hopes of Tommy! Lately, by way of increasing the teacher's need of being instant in season and out of season, the School Board have voted that no text-book shall be used by the pu-

pils of the eighth and ninth grades in their tudy of English grammar. "The principles of grammar are to be de being shown in the frontispiece. As tending | veloped by the teacher." Did you ever hear to show the sentiment of the author the a "model school" teacher develop a defini-

tion in English grammar? If you never have, you have missed some innocent fun. THE BLACKBOARD FAD. In some way exercises are supposed to

interest, and, if homeless, or an unjust tax | English grammar into the form of a blackby offering 25 cents apiece to have them | you absorb into your clothes and into your At intervals, however, you have light shed pounds, or we empower police or societies upon your groping way. Every four weeks to kill them by poison or gun, or fumes of | you are bidden to a teachers' meeting, t fondled by some child, instead of being or trust to the intermittent and reluctant charity of the people where you board to drive you. But you must get there in some way. Then, too, there are the conventions, held in some neighboring large town, at "We care for idiots and insane and dis- times even as far away as Boston. You are usually informed that you are to attend these functions about noon on the day before they are to take place. You hurry away from the schoolhouse as haps about 5 o'clock, leaving your board

pers haif corrected. When you get to your room, you look up your holiday apparel. Alas! the skirt of your year-and-a-half-old lions for our personal adorning. We let best suit needs rebinding. You knew it did. cats starve on the streets because we do | But Saturday you had to go on a long tramp after clay for a "nature study" experiment on Monday. Clayey soil is scarce n your locality. Then you were invited thousands of buffaloes; we kill by savage out to tea, and in the evening you had to took that skirt to Mrs. Smith, the village factory, and she told you with great in- | ten years." difference that she "couldn't touch it." Then you realize also that it is time you had a winter hat. But it is too late to get one now, even if you had money enough. It is nearly a month since you were paid off. You count your money and find that the fare to and from the convention, with dinner in town, will reduce your cash in hand to "small change" in very truth. Why is it plea will find many sympathizers. The that you never have any money? Deacon book is printed by L. C. Page & Co., Bos- | Larkin, with whom you board, often tells you that many men support families on what you are getting-he doesn't say earning. Let us see. Ten dollars a week for thirty-six weeks in the year. That is \$7 a week for the entire year. You pay the deacon \$4 for a seat at his board and a stuffy There was a fire in a local boarding house | back bedroom furnished twenty-five or the other day and among the tenants who | thirty years ago with cheap furniture. were obliged to make a hasty exit was a | You have no heat in your room in cold newspaper man whose wit is considerably | weather unless you pay extra for it. And greater than his worldy possessions. He it never does seem to occur to the deacon met a friend who congratulated him on his that at the rate it costs to board you-he escape from harm and asked him if he lost | says there is "no money in it"-two and a half persons are the maximum family a man could support, for only thirty-six saved from the burning. "Well, I should | weeks in the year on what you are getting, the little colt and clothed in fig leaves. Add to the deacon's \$4, laundry bills. traveling expenses, clothes, books, educational papers and pictures for school use, occasional doctor's bills, money for the church and the club and various charities. and your surplus is like the "snowfall on the river. CALLS ON THE TEACHER.

For the school teacher in most country good works, both by giving of her sub- I have nothing to say. teacher! She gets \$10 a week. When they may have, whatever systems and



January Sale of

Fine Trousers at \$5.00

These trousers we make to order at \$5.00 from \$7.00, \$8.00 and \$9.00 trouserings in our best style.

It will be well worth your time to get "next" on this sale.

Also a few sample and uncalled for garments at about half price.

Kahn Tailoring Co.



or for any local benevolent enterprise, the teacher is expected to give as freely as

Why, there are even dark rumors afloat at times that she is a capitalist, and that the battered looking trunk which accompanies her wanderings-in reality filled with books, school materials and a few clothescontains certificates of stock and bank

books galere! But to return to that convention. You go. You get there after it has opened, for you walked to the station and stopped downtown for a shine. You sit in a back seat and wickedly envy your better-paid city sister her smart suit and new hat You hear much said about "Ideals," the 'Child" and the "Teacher Whose Soul Is in

Her Work," while you are wondering

whether you couldn't cut over your black

skirt to look like one you saw coming it on the train. Then someone begins to talk, a Westerne the last teachers' meeting that arithmetic | with a big, whole-souled voice, and you life your head and listen. The speaker is down among the ranks, face to face with those who bear the burden and endure the toil of this great work, for the reward which is set before them, the lifting up of human lives. Your children's faces rise before you, and a mist gathers in your eyes. You think of Tommy. He is not a cherub. He is not How he would double up his 'sweet." grimy fists if he heard that adjective applied to him. He can do deeds of violence with those same fists at times, and he loves to play you most unangelic tricks. Still, you and Tommy are good friends. You for get your shabby gown and the single dollar lying lonely in your purse, and come into your kingdom as you see once more that square, sturdy young face light up with interest, and the pleasure of "seeing through things" shine in those honest eyes. For this is your inheritance, and in all your inglorious shabbiness and poverty you would

not yield it up. When it is time to go out to dinner you seek a restaurant and study the bill of fare with furtive haste in search of a cheap but substantial dish. You are desperately hungry. The deacon's wife objects to early rising, and you had for your breakfast some half-cooked fish, a cup of muddy coffee, bread that never would return to the surface if cast upon the waters, and doughnuts with no holes in the middle. Doughnuts grown up solid do not inspire confi dence. They suggest an area of rare dough where the hole ought to be.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL. As you tramp from the station to your boarding place that night you wonder ! your soul is in your work, and whether it "sweet" and "fresh" and "pure." who longs to impart to you his budding thoughts," who is enthusiastic and responsive and generally seraphic, and you wonder what you would do with him if you had him in school, unless you gave him a hymn book and let him sing, "I Want to Be an Angel." Then next day you go down to school and labor to induce Tommy not to spell carpetgrade into the mysteries of bank discount. As dry things like the multiplication table were regarded with lofty pedagogic scorn in this school when the present eighth grade were doing their lower-grade work, they are handicapped in all business computations. So you struggle on from day to day. You rise up early and sit up late, and eat the bread of sorrow. For superintendents are often critical and exacting, children hard to reach and parents unsympathetic and un-

comprehending. Whom the gods wish to make mad they first make school teachers. Let no man think that I have reached the second condition. I know whereof I speak. I have taught nine grades with fifty-four pupils for | Vincennes Express. \$6 a week. I have been at the head of a large country school, teaching the four upper grades, and having at the same time the first year's work with a high-school class, for \$9 a week. I have sounded the depths of hard work and poor pay in our public

Not long ago I sat at dinner with two school superintendents. Not from choice, for I like to eat my meals free from the But by accident we dined together. Of course, they talked about the work. One of them, a robust man, with a prodigious appetite, remarked: "Yes, we had to let Miss Gray go on. She was used work at the library. The week before you | up. She wanted to stay, but I had to tell her-it was the only thing to do. Of course, those W-- schools are hard. We have to horrified at bull fights, yet we tear deer for a town girl who works in the rubber plan on using up a good teacher there in WHAT BECOMES OF HER.

> things, the teacher of our ungraded schools may last twenty years. But the time must

come when some one with a younger, fresh-

er mind and body will take her place. What

is she to do? Give up teaching and get

married, some one says. That answer is

excluded. It involves chance, or chances,

which some of us never get. Go home and live on her savings, says some one else. Last year I saved 65 cents, Of course, last year was an off year with me. I was rash enough to have pneumonia. winter before last, and I have been trying to get back to normal financial circumstances ever since. But at my usual rate of laying up treasure upon earth I have calculated that in just seventeen years I shall have enough to take me into a home for aged women. And there, having been so long used to saying to this one, "go,"

should achieve unpopularity There may be people who could supply all the needs of this present state and save | usefulness do not drop like manna from the money on \$360 a year. I know many who | skies. Poor board and shabby clothes, the say they could. But all these good people | constant worry and strain of the struggle have the same drawback-they can't teach | to live on what is not a living wage are not school. I speak wholly of the self-support- | incentives to better work. The teacher may ing teacher. Of those who can always fail gladly spend and be spent for the work back upon papa for board during vaca- she loves, yet she must live and make tions and for ten-dollar bills on occasion | some slight provision for those rainy days

And I speak of the teacher who cannot live by bread alone. There are needs of the mind as well as of the body, for the woman | for the inexperienced and inefficient? If and her board the year around, is only a | who must daily face thirty or forty boys | the live teacher cannot afford to stay in poor girl supporting herself. But the school and girls, knowing that whatever books them what is to be their future?

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and 5:00 p. m. trains make direct connections

at Anderson with limited trains for Elwood.

as in the cities. Every year a higher standand to another "do this," I am afraid I and is set for the work that she must do. But summer schools, lecture courses, books, periodicals, these and other helps to added

> which come to most of us. What is to be the end? Are our country schools to become merely practice schools

It will take time to find an answer to money is needed for the church building courses may be visited upon them, their in- such questions. There seems little for some fund, or the Sunday school in Oklahoma spiration and true help must come from of us to do but work and wait. Meanwhile